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THE 1945

*Year Book*

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

*Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania*

**WE DEDICATE** *this our Yearbook*  
*to the professors who left Bryn Mawr to*  
*go to war. Our temporary loss was com-*  
*pensated for by the fact that their knowledge*  
*was being utilized for winning the war and*  
*that their efforts would hasten the peace.*





*In These*

*Thy Mansions . . .*





RHOADS



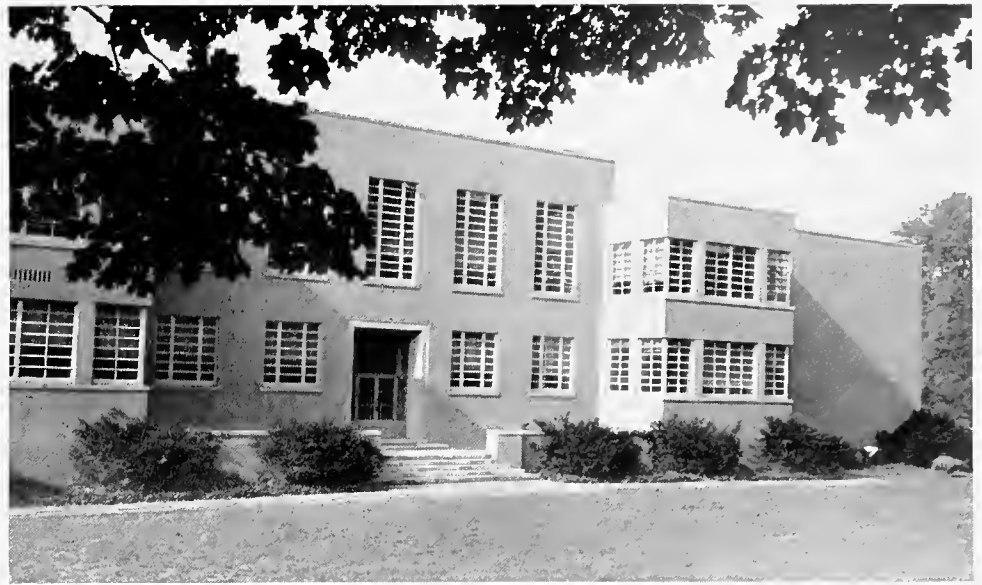
ROCKEFELLER

“FROM the Halls of Rockefeller to the arch of Pembroke West”—brilliant lyrics from our Freshmen Show adapted to the Marine Hymn—could be heard any evening ringing from any one of the dining room windows on Bryn Mawr Campus. At the slightest provocation we sent forth our voices in song, chanting the praises of Sunday morning breakfast, ice cream, or the good “Spirit of the Red”. The halls of residence were not just places where we hung our hats. Rhoads, Rockefeller, Merion, Denbigh, the Pembrokes, Radnor—each had its own distinctive personality.

Pembroke owned the Arch where on many a warm rainy night we collected with our little red books and our song mistress and sang the college glees. Other times we crowded together on the Pem stairs, some superstitiously, with the orals on the morrow; some remembering with utter relief that they had passed. Denbigh vied with Pembroke in its musical prowess, but the atmosphere was different as we sat on its stairs after dinner with demitasses in hand and tried to master the fine art of “Shall I Wasting” in four elusive parts.

Those of us who were not bilingual got our opportunity to visit the language houses only when accompanied by an adult member of their exclusive retinue. We were always much impressed, if not a bit awed, by the fact that “ici on parle toujours francais ou espanol ou deutsch” at bridge and all other times during meals, coffee, or just polite social chit-chat. We tried our best to get absorbed in the continental atmosphere, but we must admit that we felt keenly our cultural deficiencies. We admired, however, our versatile contemporaries.

Speaking of admiration, we can’t forget Rockefeller. The Rock smoking rooms were filled with academics, who were, nevertheless, always ready to have a gay old time. There was an old world atmosphere about Rock. It wouldn’t have surprised us to see a flaming boar’s head or a cup of mead come in at meal time amidst a festive throng. In the same vein their Christmas plays were the envy of the campus.



*Modern versus Baroque*

Rhoads was fastidious. Candle light wouldn't find its place in Rhoads as it would in some of the older, darker paneled halls. But its casual impersonal atmosphere was at times like a cool hand on a brow fevered by too many exams, long papers, and people. Rhoadsians will tell you that with the passing of the years, Rhoads atmosphere is becoming firmly established, and they will take you out and prove this conclusively by the ivy that is making its slow determined way up the side of the building. Remember when we arrived Freshmen year the little green stuff hardly reached above our ankles. Now it is way over our heads. The Rhoads terrace was a delight in fall and spring. Bridge after dinner in the cool outdoors with floating music from the smoking room was the "Balm of Gilead" to us as weary seniors studying for comprehensives.

Merion Hall is very old and very wise. We took from it long talks way into the night and felt mellowed by its mood. It was also a very challenging hall—the rest of the campus trembled when the Merion Ghouls made their way onto the hockey field or basketball court.

And so we have remembered them all. We have had to throw out all our old, accumulated, addressed note-paper and are about to change residence. But in many moments it will seem as if we are still living in the "gool ol' halls".

*Park Hall and the Fountain in the Deanery Garden*





THE GYM

Lest we forget, or lose our Freshmen Handbooks sometime between now and the next time we return to Bryn Mawr's velvet campus, let's record for posterity and all our numerous children some of the academic points on campus. Dalton for instance housed the first year Biology course. The wooden lecture room was most familiar to all those who were trying to pass off somehow the science requirement.

You could spot the Chemists in a large gathering of people by their bronzed faces and hardy complexions—acquired while fighting their way across the campus in all kinds of inclement weather to Park Hall. If the trip to Science Building didn't get them, the acids were sure to. The geologists looked sturdy too because of the same long trek. It wasn't sulphuric acid which was their alternative hardening element but the field trips.

Goodhart loomed up large as you approached the campus. The only time that Goodhart really was in its element was when it was arrayed for some large academic function; flags waved from every flying buttress. The whole campus was as festive as a medieval tournament when a graduation or May Day rolled around. One expected professors to appear in 13th Century armour, with undergraduates waving their silk scarfs.

Frequently and sometimes oftener, we could be found at the library. Often we felt like cows in a stall; books piled up, and a wooden partition between us and our neighbors. There is one spot at Bryn Mawr that can never be forgotten: Taylor Tower, seen as we passed through the large Library doors. There was Taylor clock silhouetted against a sky with stars and a cold or spring moon. You seemed stationary. Be the truth known; it was quite the contrary. We of 1945 have passed to be forgotten with the rest; the old clock remains to mark for other undergraduates the swift passage of time.

DENBIGH







PEMBROKE WEST



RADNOR

WYNDHAM



*Thy Torch Divine*





*Top to bottom  
Tubes, trips, and the Subterranean.*



*Pause thou Professors*



*Where-er you walk*



*The Profile!*

**B**ANISH the thought that the only extra-curricular association we all ever had with our professors was outside Taylor Hall on a sunny day. Far be it from us to lose the opportunity to strike while the coffee was hot. We often met them down at the Inn over a menu. If we were lucky we could get a table right next to them. Then there was something about the stacks that drew people together much in the manner of an ocean voyage. Launch out on a paper and even the coolest don would melt to find you down there in earnest over his course. (Assistance at a time like that we found invaluable.) Academically speaking, it was those encounters, frivolous as they were, that are long remembered. The studied casualness as we talked laughingly of Plato, Herodotus, Huxley, and Holman Hunt, as we jointly singled out authors from top shelves brought a warm feeling around the Ego and a sense of fellowship with all. It was a unique experience the like of which was never gained in the classroom or over a bluebook. We believe firmly in the human touch and we want to make mention of the happy times, the personal approaches and the all too few moments of mutual admiration that have sprung from our knowing our professors.



*"We know, we know that we can smile." Matthew Arnold.*

Possible, plausible courses were hard to find as Freshmen. Now it all seems so simple and we voice ourselves on all subjects. With a smugness that comes from looking back rather than forward, and acknowledging the safe position in which we stand, we can say that the struggle with diction, body mechanics, first year biology, and the Wissahickon Schist was worth it. As we pass, special delivery, from this into another world, we remember that we were contented with our life this side of Lancaster Pike. Serene and not too confident, we arrived four years ago, bag and baggage. A lot has happened and our four years rose and set with the war. And now we have emerged at the other end. It wasn't with one big Gulliver step that we took all in our stride. We swam around lots. But we tried to map things as we went.



*Before!*



*One, two, three, skip.*



*After!*



As we leave, however, we have a sense of satisfaction, not in ourselves, but in the choices that we have made at a time when decisions were hard to make, and faithfulness to those decisions even harder to maintain. The choice of college was right for us. While studying we have temporarily been on the brink of the world. Now we have a chance to apply our Plato. Diction, we will start with you, so that people will understand us, and we will speak in soft dulcet tones. Body Mechanics, remind us not to drag heavily around, and keep us limber in thought as well as actions. We learned to get along with the earthworm, so we should be able to tolerate lots else. We will take all that we have learned with us wherever we go.

*Could I interest you in some nice new  
Philosophy?*





*En Famille, walk in the sun*



*Two for tea and Dr. Nabm*



*Come lasses and lads, take leave of your dads.*



*1066 and all that*

*"That well-traveled  
Path"*

*Power in numbers*

*Ab! School!*



*Time is Swift*







*Down in a Leafy Dell*



*Watching and Waiting*

WE eased our tired brains, and enjoyed the reputation of "a source of innocent merriment". Perhaps this is what we remember best—the time x set fire to the trash-basket and we put it out with a vase of flowers—those wild expeditions that we took to Seaside, New Jersey and acted like carefree Hottentots—when y bid a grand slam and went down thirteen—and those week-ends when we shunned our papers for parties, and entertained Penn and Haverford.

Freshman year "just horseplay" occupied our spare moments—and many of our upperclass moments, too. "The mirth and fun grew fast and furious" whenever there was time on our hands. It over-flowed into those parties where we played so madly, and expressed itself in food, one of life's central interests, as we squandered academically vital hours over pecan buns at the Inn. Fall and spring we took to the open, trekking to Saunders Barn, having tremendous picnics, sunbathing where we shouldn't, and acting as if the world were our oyster—which it was.

Best of all was the Greeks, where Mike was our friend and champion, and dispensed food and saved us cigarettes. Our nightly trips to that haven made us somewhat notorious, as we came reeling back fortified with milk shakes and sandwiches, but in style that would do any sailor proud. Arms-ful of food for unfortunate friends who had to study made our progress even more precarious, and many a night had the atmosphere of debauch.

Leaves and smoke in the fall . . . snowmen and snowballs in the winter . . . daffodils and mud in the spring . . . from Rock to Pembroke, from Denbigh to Merion to Radnor, from Rhoads to Wyndham, there were those same slap-happy times when nothing mattered except that the exam wasn't until tomorrow.



We remember the all night bull sessions when we hashed out the problems of the world and of ourselves over milk and cookies, when we played tag and made surreptitious raids on the kitchen. We remember the joy of getting sunburns on the gym roof and in the Cloisters, contests of who was hardiest and could cook to a crisp without quitting . . . walks in the countryside on spring evenings, the constant badinage as we greeted friends on the campus . . . subsiding for an evening of reading "Cosmopolitan" . . . and above all, the wonderful feeling of escape when we went to the movies. Spring made us love our friends with balconies, where we could sit by the hour, shouting at passing friends or foes, and seeing all that was going on.

We admired one another's talents, the energy of the devotees of riding and skating, who despite transportation difficulties, managed to keep going in all seasons. Pianos in the halls were innovations in our senior year, and brought forth much activity—dancing after lunch and dinner, while we envied the accomplished jitterbug—and singing, long and lusty, on almost any occasion.

The spirit was reflected in our rooms, resplendant with trophies—mostly signs, animals and bottles—where we had our afternoon teas, cooking in the tea pantries. And we had wonderful community hair-washings and water fights, all undertaken in the spirit of *Gaudeamus Igitur*.

There were other moments unforgettable too. We heard of Pearl Harbor together, of President Roosevelt's death, and finally that wonderful spring morning that was V-E Day came, and all the bells rang.



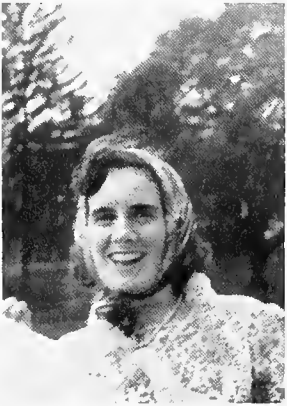
*Three Little Maids*



*I See a B'ar*



*If it rains . . .*



*. . . Who cares?*

think of dates, shopping, and week-ends. We brought back stories on it which mingled with philosophy and bridge after midnight, and helped to establish the taboo on conversation at breakfast.

Always there was scrambling for telephone calls, the intrigue of mysterious telephone messages, lining up to take appraising looks at each others' dates as they stood inspection in the show cases. We played through the seasons of fraternity dances and football games, and waxed sentimental and nostalgic to the tune of "Aurelee".

Indoors, outdoors, and all the time we worked off excess energy—and some that wasn't excess. But "it's a poor sport that is not worth the candle".

Perhaps the bells didn't ring in week-ends to Harvard and Yale for us; our college days were nearly over. But we had developed in the meantime, gay resources within ourselves to combat the shortages of available male college students and made the most of what we had. We had played our childish 'prank-tics' and there was plenty of scope for the most vivid imaginations—including balloon games.

Through it all there was the same singing in the dining halls, dashing down to the Inn between classes, making resolutions on economy and deportment that were never kept. The Paoli local with its piercing toot was our golden chariot, the entrance to the outer world—with it we



*Roxy Rhoads*

*On Ilky Moor, my bat?*





*Smilin' Thru*



*Shakespeare, Time, and the Funnies*



*Ditto, sec above*

*Venite Laudare*



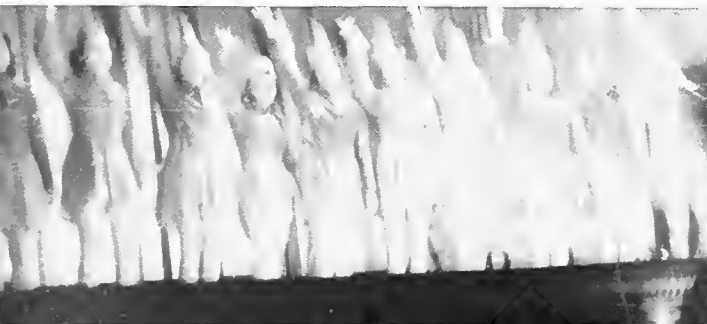


*Hennessey Pennessy Tootled the Flute*

**B**RYN Mawr was still very new to us when Parade Night arrived—and we rolled down the hill to the hockey field roaring out our Caisson Song to the boom boom of the Firemen's Band. With this successful invitation into the traditional activities of Bryn Mawr, we were really beginning to feel at home. When Lantern Night came, we, clad in caps and gowns for the first time, burst forth with Greek anthems . . . triumphant after having recited what we thought was cultural jibberish to the Juniors.

We had to drop our Red Lanterns for Midsemesters and English papers, but along with the snow in December, came the excitement and bustling of preparations for going home. We found plenty of time to enjoy the caroling of the Maids and Porters, and the Glee Club. As for Christmas dinner, don't think for a minute that our eyes weren't opened by the goings-on—professors playing like students and students playing masters of ceremonies; wreaths of cigarette smoke and wreaths of holly in the dining room; tomato juice cocktails and hors d'oeuvres in the show cases where afterwards we, the freshmen, performed like trained seals.

After Christmas vacation, we jumped from the Paoli Local into the Freshmen Show. (Note: avoiding all mention of mid-terms and more long papers.) We thought well of ourselves . . . six hundred tons of loveliness in gorgeous technicolor. Our chorus was not to be equalled and even the Sophomores were subdued by the notorious Devil Dance of "Love, Fret, and Cheers".





*Ku Klux Klan*

Spring comes every year and likewise May Day at Bryn Mawr, but we shall always remember our last spring and our last May Day. Lady Luck did a slight flip over when that May Day came—the patter of rain and the roar of wind mingled with our voices as we pleaded with the sun from the tower of Rockefeller. The rain could dampen everything but our enthusiasm as we “one, two, three, skipped”, once again with the aid of the Fireman’s Band, to Merion Green. After the traditional dancing and crowning of our class president, we more or less gratefully adjourned with sniffly noses to Goodhart Hall for the remainder of the ceremonies. At least, it hadn’t been cold . . .

But then it was spring. It had hit Bryn Mawr like a bolt of lightning—the rain on May Day must have had something to do with it. The scenic loveliness of the campus was conducive only to sunbathing, the inn, and the movies. We tugged in the interminable war between comprehensives and spending a fifth spring at Bryn Mawr. We stoically resigned ourselves to spectacles and books—nevertheless, in the sun.

We sang out “Good-byes” on the steps but more talented representatives of our class made more official farewells to the college on Class Day. We mournfully said goodbye to the things which we had known for the last four years. We said goodbye to the traditions which we had inherited and also to several things which we hope will never become traditions: the line in the Bookstore for cigarettes, no butter with English muffins.



*Isn't this pretty?*



*'Twas the night before Christmas*





# *May Day*







*Here they come*

*To the strains of Lobengrin*

At long last they were over and then there was a full two weeks before graduation—one to sleep in and one to tie up all the threads of good intentions. Then we moved into the hush of Goodhart to witness the Baccalaureate service. The regal and distinguished robes of Oxford, the Sorbonne, Yale, Harvard, Cambridge were brought out of moth balls for this academic occasion. The small and large problems of the world were laid before us.

Lady Luck made a return appearance, but this time she was smiling as we lined up in front of the Library on a beautiful graduation day. The faculty, again brilliantly arrayed, joined the procession into Goodhart Hall where each and every one was proclaimed “honorable scholar” of Bryn Mawr College. Inwardly, the scene prompted mixed emotions. It was the final and last tradition of our four college years and at the same time it threw a challenge of something new which we could not and would not fail to meet. And thus, the class of 1945 went out “into the cold, cold world.”

*Cases of intoxication will be severely dealt with*

*Candid, what!*





*Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen*

*It tolleth for thee*





# *Spirit of the Red*





*Not Merion's smoking room, but an apparently tense moment in one of the Varsity Players' Club's bi-annual productions.*

WE call ourselves, in bitter moments, the "war class". We knew three months of pre-war Bryn Mawr; we knew three and three-quarters years of war-time Bryn Mawr. To us, it meant, among other things, more weekends spent on the campus, since Yale, Princeton and even Haverford were no longer interesting and the government was all too interested in our not traveling. It meant less diversion in the social line on the campus. To avoid spending any more than our minimum of time in the Library, we developed a greater pre-occupation with the extra-curricular—in particular, the extra-curricular in the line of war work.

Making our own beds was, we are happy to say, the first and at the same time the least of our contributions to the war effort. Under the leadership of the Alliance—a war product organization which came up to an equal line with the four others of longer standing—some of us donned blue Nurses' Aid uniforms and made other people's beds, with other people in them. We saw the establishment of a campus Red Cross unit and for it we rolled bandages . . . learned how to wrap people up in them . . . rose at dawn to feed Bryn Mawr hospital workers and patients . . . gave our blood in Ardmore . . . entertained soldiers at Valley Forge Hospital . . . studied the interesting innerds of the automobile . . . assisted the local ration board . . . chauffeured the Navy in Philadelphia . . . learned and taught leather work to wounded veterans at Valley Forge . . . ad infinitum.





*Strategy session on the cold,  
cold ground*



*A possible two points un-  
less Lydge trips*

*Some of us dawdled away three hours on the tennis courts for credit, some for  
a suntan, and some by way of reducing.*





*The NEWS in an untypical moment of serenity during production of the week's quota mistakes, misquotes, misprints and Wits-End-ia.*

All was not war work, however. Not even war could change the three hours a week physical education requirement, and no crisis could force Miss Petts to overlook the fact that a bachelor of arts must maintain floating power in the swimming pool for one minute. No amount of nightly excursions to the Greeks could be considered physically educating and no deluge of rain on the tennis courts could dampen the insistence of the department. So we donned figure-disgracing tunics and led with our chests on the grass or the splinters as the seasons changed . . . We listened to Miss Petts as she lectured with her arm around the long-lived skeleton . . . We went in for the modern dance . . . We tried to keep eyes focused on the shuttlecock after an all-night vigil with a philosophy paper. We did not mind, however, cheering our more athletically inclined classmates as they raced Ursinus up and down the hockey fields in mittens and ear muffs . . . watching the Dance Club's outdoor production of Mr. Schumann's cycle of fairy-story operettas . . . playing a vague outfielder in the faculty student baseball games come spring . . . and we loved the inter-hall hockey games, replete with song, slogan, and costume.

The Athletic Association also dug up a war activity designed for that rare species—the outdoor girl. Philadelphia farms needed harvesting and, to the distress of previously unrecognized muscles, we did it. We picked apples, we shucked corn, and we ached.



Not content with keeping our hands and feet busy, not to say weary, the Alliance gave us food for thought, and for concerted action. It presented a yearly series of assemblies on matters of current interest by outstanding speakers. It pepped up Current Events to the unrecognizable extent that people were crowded into the hall outside the Common Room. It organized the Political Discussion Group.

Unwilling to be left behind in the patriotic rush, Undergrad and the League joined forces with the Alliance senior year and sponsored the Undergraduate Volunteer Activities Program. UVAP asked three hours of war work a week from everyone and with its campaign achieved a new high in concerted effort among recalcitrant Bryn Mawrtys. Undergrad prevented by its war activity the tragedy of Rockefeller Hall and the Deanery—adrift with insufficient maid service. Co-operative dining-room life, for better or for worse, was undertaken in Rock. Catastrophes were few—chiefly in the water-pouring line—and adaptability was rapid. There is some question as to whether the flower-skirted waitresses in the Deanery can ever be budged. Their penchant for eavesdropping on faculty luncheon gossip has become too strong.

The League, its pattern little changed in four years, numbered its regular activities in with UVAP war work—reading to the blind and teaching maids' classes. The League-sponsored Maids' Bureau flourished, producing slip-covers, curtains, and the widely prevalent items in the Bryn Mawr spring wardrobe.

*Life is gay—life is pleasant?*





*The Maids' Bureau producing their versatile broomstick skirt—Bryn Mawr uniform when blue jeans are verboten.*



*For the aesthetic, the dance Club—and for the Dance Club, the Spring production in Wyndham garden.*

The war reached out to touch still another extra-curricular aspect of Bryn Mawr—incongruously enough, the activities in drama and song. Haverford's much-maligned but indispensable male support waned considerably in our four years. By senior year, the Varsity Players' Club did "As You Like It" wholly without their aid. Freshman Show and Freshman Hall Play competition, not to mention Bryn Mawr life in general, made them fully capable, we hasten to add. Gilbert and Sullivan, too, went on, as the show must, with the "Mikado" in the spring of 1944 sans Haverford. The Glee Club, much enlarged and more ambitiously inclined, found greener fields by way of substitution and presented two large concerts with Harvard and two with Princeton.



*Fleurs—from Haverford to Bryn Mawr—marking the end of a joint effort in the drama.*



*The Glee Club in full force and full uniform, but, by way of variation, with mouths closed.*

For those with literary inclinations, little change occurred in their activities. Reflecting only in the quality of its paper and the decrease in its advertising (the effect of war) the "College News" continued to tear its collective hair in the early morning hours in an effort to fill its four pages, purported to reflect campus life, with more than Wits' End. Increased student participation proved a boon to the "News", however, and less often were they forced to editorialize over the campus squirrels or the lamentable habit of walking across the grass.

Apparently a recurring phenomenon, the quiet death of the "Lantern" occurred, followed almost at once by the appearance of the "Title"—more ambitious in format and more variegated in content—as the literary magazine.

No matter how many bed-baths we gave, or how many bandages we rolled, we always belonged to a club—French Club, German Club, Spanish Club, Philosophy Club, Dance Club, ad nauseum. They did not die, though some of them came near it, in the crush of war activities. Chief event in the German and French Clubs continued to be their Christmas plays, and the young Spanish Club followed suit with a Christmas production in their new living-quarters in Radnor.

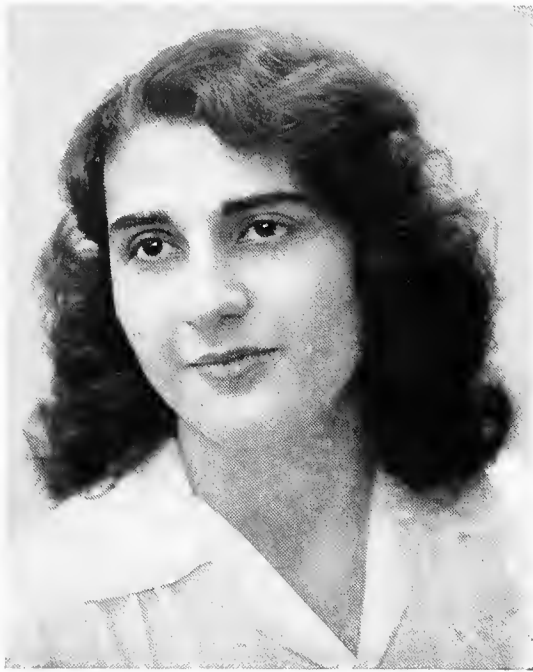
As a "war Class", then, we saw our organizations tinged and at the same time revitalized by efforts to contribute to the total war effort, and we, with the "Spirit of the Red" of our athletic song, contributed toward them.

*We  
Thy Daughters*









MILA JEANETTE ASHODIAN



JUDITH E. BARKER



CAROL COLE BALLARD



SUZANNE V. BENSINGER



VIRGINIA BEAL



CHARLOTTE H. BINGER



ELIZABETH ANN BLOMMERS



MARGARET JANE BLOOMFIELD



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LORE JUNGSTER



ESTERLEE HUTZLER



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MARY LOUISE MILLS



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KATHERINE PIKE



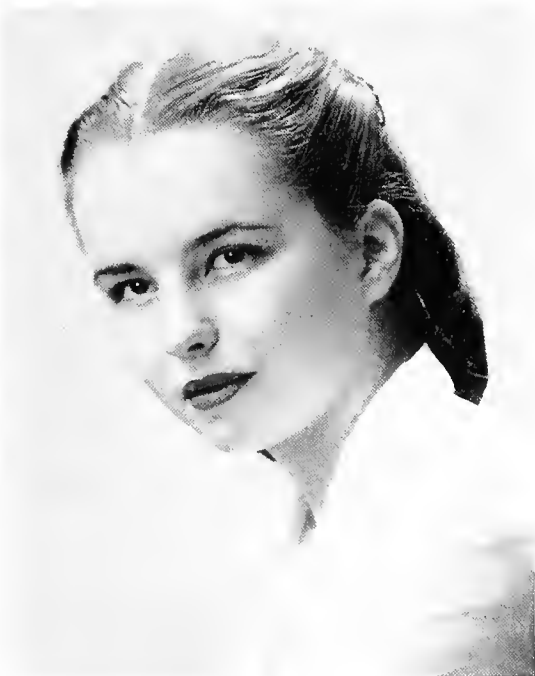
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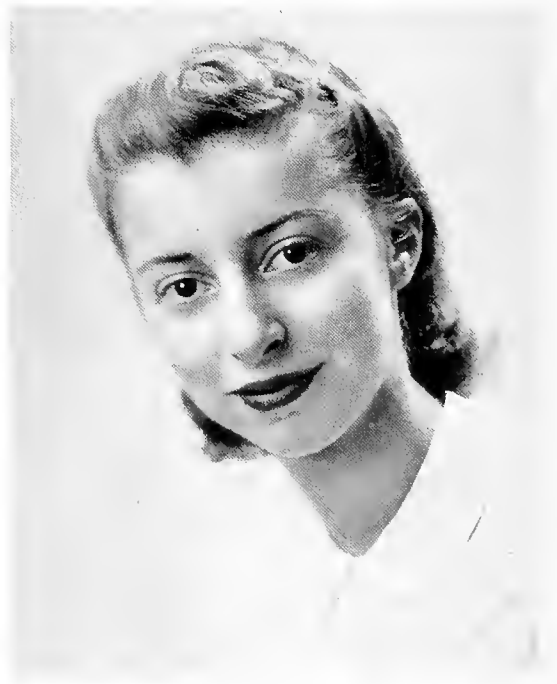
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YVONNE TOWNSEND



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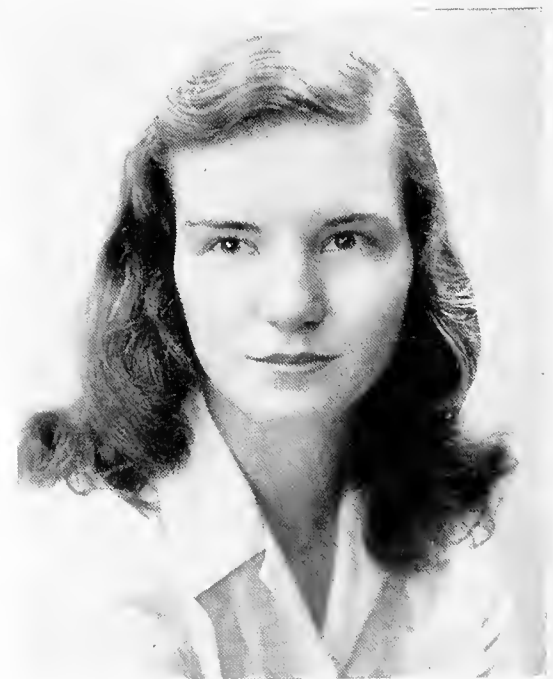
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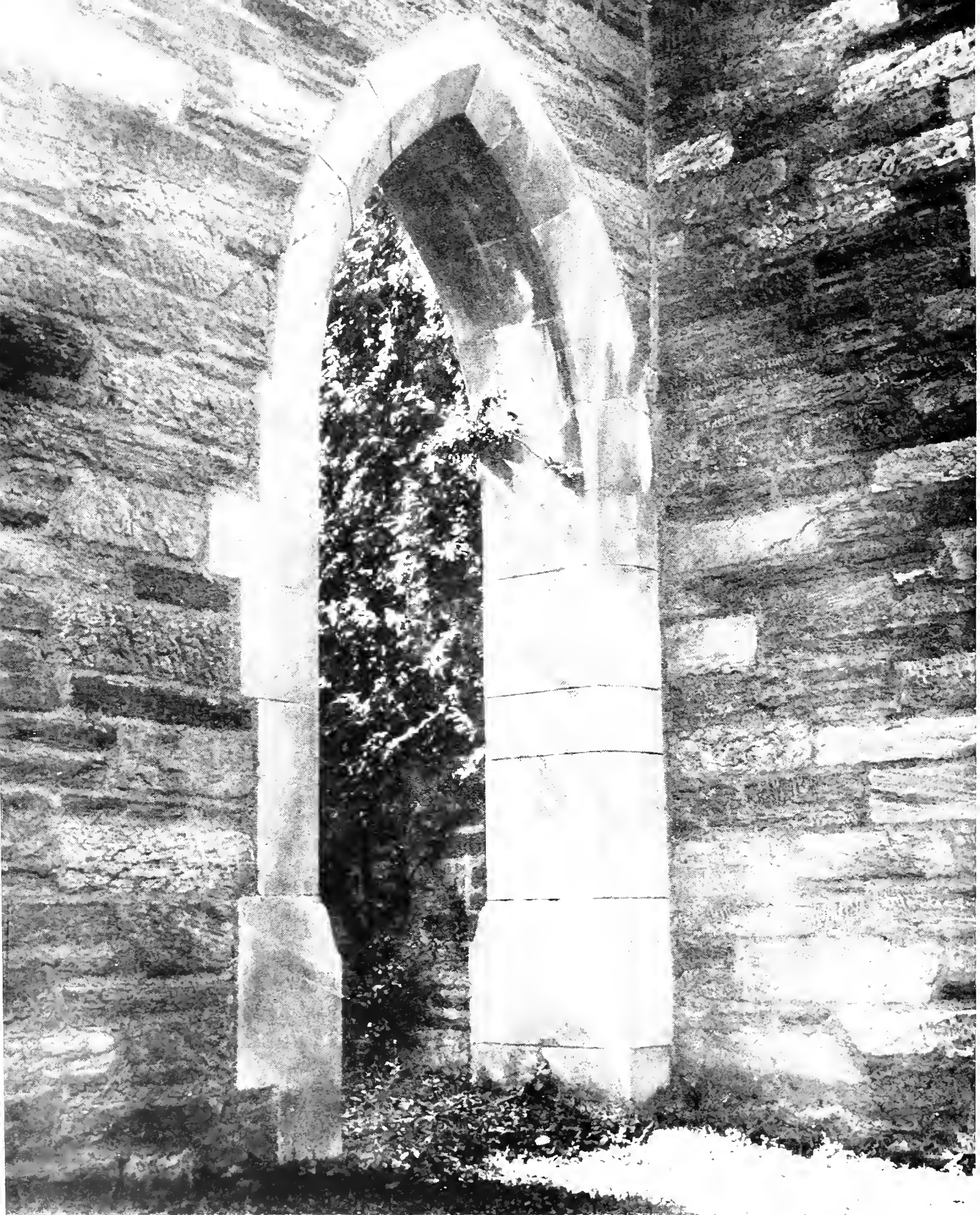
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DORIS MAE BARNETT

CONSTANCE BIDDLE

*In Memoriam*

KATHERINE ELIZABETH MORSE



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Williams, Anne B.  
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